

the road and judge for yourselves.

C. S. BROWN, Collector.
Morgantown, March 24, 1898.

COMMUNICATIONS.

BUSHLAND-NIGHTS DREAM.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In a dream of my imagination I strolled untroubled down one of those melodious streams that flow in bubbling cadence along a sweet Whortle-berry Valley of Bushland, at that sacred hour when nocturnal patriots rally forth amid snapping bats and screeching owls to conserve the institutions of America: "How long (before we cannot say, 'this is my own, my native land') In the swamps of my memory I could still hear the bullfrogs of 1840 bellowing out, 'Tippecanoe, Tippecanoe—Tyler too, Tyler too.' All of the above chimed most melodiously with the present serenade. Directly I heard something enter the swamp with a smacking tread. I looked around; and behold, it was Sam. The first thing that caught his eye was a toad, sitting on a toad-stool, stretching his mouth from ear to ear and bawling out, 'Sa-am.' Sam began to soliloquize, looking at the toad: 'Alas! how thou remindest me of myself!—I, like thy ancestor famed in fable tried to swell myself into a formidable size; and, like him, I bustled: As thou steepest proudly on thy toad-stool, which must have sprung from the rotten remains of some nobler animal—so I once proudly rode upon my party, which sprung up in the night from the rotten remains of the Northern wing of the Whig party—this wing was poisoned with abolitionism; and from the stench which it raised in the North, I supposed the Southern body was dead, and the Southern spirit infected; and that I could give over corruptions here, too; but when I arrived I found that the Democracy had taken it in as a naturalized citizen, and it spurned me as if I brought death with me; and when the fogs and darkness were dispelled, and political light shone upon my party, it withered like a toad-stool in the morning's sun.' As Sam was crossing the brook on his westward course, the bullfrogs bellowed out, 'you're undone, you're undone.' Who?—who?—who?—I—me!—I—the owl:—'Sam!' screamed the night-hawk in answer; upon which the screech-owl set up the most pathetic lamentation in a trembling voice; but 'the possum, the skunk, the owl and coon,' struck up as merry a tune as if Sam was on his march to glory. When he reached the top of the nearest western hill he stopped, turned round, and all hushed to hear his farewell speech. Says he: 'Crickets, toad-boots, sawyers—my old companions one and all have I listened to the melody of our nocturnal melodies, while my dark lantern was gleaming from the pine thicket that caps the culmination of you heaven-kissing hill! But now must bid you a long farewell. You are the companions that always cheered me latest at night; but oft have I passed along your highway to the cross-roads, 'between midnight and one hour before day-break,' when these mosquitoes that play like winged wigs—harp as my ears were stupidly drunk with blood, when those scurvy bullfrogs were weary of being jarred with their own thunder, with collapsed sides and unstrung throats, had long since sunk to their muddy rest—when those jabbering ducks were rocked in floating slumbers on the bosom of yon pond—when everything was so still that the crowing of a cock would have made a ghost groan!—Oh! my old companions, why did I fall? Did I not use caution enough? Ghosts wait till they scent the morning air, before they fly to the spirit land; and I, who hope yet linger beyond the veil, wandering ghosts troop home to church-yards; and damned spirits that are buried at public places now crawl into their wormy beds; but I always enjoined my followers to crawl into their beds one hour before this time!—I was not so conservative and cautious? O! P. Q. R., &c., my country! Westward the star of empire takes its way; my star has set in this land; I will mount the mountains of the West and see if hope yet lingers beyond the veil. But no, I will recede from Jordan (now called Hudson) into the land of negro-Canaan where I was born.' [Here his companions, thinking he was through, struck up and sung; and Sam went on his way muttering. I slipped up behind him to hear:—'Yes,' continued he, 'I will go back to my Canaan. I will leave this land of slavery. I thought this scheme would succeed in winding the South into our power. I thought there were some leading men here, even before I came, who sympathized with our cause of freedom; but these are sinking into disrepute and the people's indignation is boiling hot. They have smothered me out of my grave pit, and will not even give me a fitting place in Bushland. I feel that my days of riot-fests are over. In my Canaan is a hidden pit through which I came up from the 'rasty deep'; there will I plunge me in and go back to my native land, 'if it were land, and ever burned with solid, as the lake with liquid fire.' But I will wholly disassociate; for those whose fanaticism has screwed them up to stick to me till now, will declare that my humbuggeries are principles, and will endure as long as love of native land; and that I will come again at some future time; 'so shall my votaries, wherever they rave, proclaim that Heaven took back the Saint I gave;—that I've but vanished from this earth awhile, to come again with bright unclouded smiles. So shall they build me altars in their zeal, where knaves shall murder and fools shall kneel; so shall my banner, through long ages, be the rallying sign of fraud and anarchy; and, though I die, my spirit, still the same, shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife, and guilt, and blood, that were his bliss in life.'

[Here I stumbled over an old dark lantern in the bushes, and Sam looked around and saw me, and just made a dinky streak towards the North West, and I have heard from him since—except Mr. Democracy and Mr. Q. R. Whiggers occasionally play shoe-leather after him as he passes.]

HUCKLE-BERRY, JR.

For the Standard.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Some good things occur occasionally, away up here in Yaddin, of which your readers, perhaps, would be pleased to hear, as they may think that some of the things, being from our late elections; but it is a mistake. Know Nothingism was duly buried in the old North State, on the 7th of August last. The dying struggle was a hard one; and a few of the surviving propagandists of that sinking order, held a meeting at our Court House, on Tuesday of our Superior Court. The meeting was addressed by the Hon. Nat. Boyden, as an old line Whig, in order to stop the old line Whigs from giving their support to Buchanan. He said there was no such thing as giving up Fillmore, and hoped the meeting would send delegates to Baltimore on the 17th inst., to endorse Fillmore's nomination; and I suppose prepare an old line Whig plank in that old rotten platform. Certainly this same Fillmore is the man nominated by the Know Nothing Convention, and who accepted the nomination, platform and all, in a pile together—the same man whose Electors are repudiating the line Whigs as traitors. Now, to attempt to endorse his nomination as old line Whigs, to catch the votes of such, is a waste of their time and talents. It is certainly impossible to mend up that old platform, by which it was thought Fillmore would sweep the South. Having brushed it out a little too soon, it will be folly to endeavor to transplant those ultra principles with old line whiggery. Their material for platform is all dead, and certainly will give way and sink with the political rot of the great line party. However, drowning men catch at straws. Mr. Boyden spoke at some length, censuring the administration, and the appropriations of a Democratic Congress. I suppose he meant a black Republican Congress. He said if we let them go ahead they would soon take us all to the devil,—no doubt they would with Fillmore at their head; but as soon as we elect Buchanan, and he takes hold of the reins of government, if favored with a Democratic Congress, all will be well,—a fact which the people know; but of course the devil could do nothing with black Republicans; for they have swallowed up all the fumes of the North, and their size is becoming enormous. Let us, then, rally for Buchanan and Breckinridge, the standard-bearers of a world-famed Democracy, and lay aside all of the financial issues, which infect our country, to disturb the public peace.

Court's re-commencing stopped their meeting; but it was made known that Gen. J. M. Leach, K. N. Mentor for this District, would address the citizens of Yaddin, out in the grove, but the large assembly of people who were to be there, finding it rather a lonesome place, he wound up his address by saying nothing, and wended his way to some other private stand. All will be right for Buck and Breck in November next; and, according to

general opinion, there will be more effort in the field and up in this fair climate should support Fremont; they should be dispatched, immediately, by telegraph, to Nova Zembla.

YADKIN.

Yadkin Co., Sept. 24, 1856.

For the Standard.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I snatch a moment from pressing engagements, to apprise you that the patriotic county of Cleveland presents every manifestation of the highest degree of political enthusiasm, in favor of the broad, constitutional principles advocated by the friends and supporters of those high-toned statesmen, the Hon. James Buchanan, and his eloquent co-laborer in the preservation of the Union, the Hon. John C. Breckinridge.

On Tuesday morning last, Mr. Waring, the Presidential Elector for this District, arrived here, accompanied by South-Carolina's able representative in the U. S. Senate, the accomplished Judge Butler; and, as our people almost idolize the Judge, our citizens generally, who had the gratification to hear of his presence among us, collected to pay him their respects.

In the afternoon, proclamation was made that Mr. Waring, in pursuance of his duty as Elector, would deliver an address; whereupon a highly respectable number of attentive listeners assembled to hear him. I have no time now space to give you a sketch of his speech; but I cannot omit to say that it was just such an enthusiastic rally as the occasion demanded, carrying conviction to the hearts of even many of the deluded followers of "Sam," and inspiring every national man with a determination to use his most active exertions to give our Buck and Breck several hundred more votes than were ever before polled in Cleveland. Look out! Cleveland will claim the banner in November.

Yours, &c.,
Shelby, N. C., Sept. 25, 1856.

NESTOR.

For the Standard.

MESSRS. EDITORS: About twelve months ago I was induced to join the Know Nothing party, with the assurance that I could withdraw at any time I might desire to do so.

By looking into matters I very soon became satisfied that no good could result from such an organization. I made application for an honorable withdrawal, as had been promised me provided I did not like; but I was refused a withdrawal. Now, this is to certify that I do hereby notify the friends of the American party (as they call themselves) that I do withdraw from the council once held at or near the waters of Uwharrie.

I now consider myself released from the Order, and free to act and vote with my former political friends.

Respectfully,
JOHN M. WATKINS.
Randolph, N. C., Sept. 1st, 1856.

[Reported for the Daily Pennsylvania.]

A Reply to Burlingame—Remarks of Mr. Shepard of Mobile, at the Mass Meeting in Burlington, N. C.

Mr. Shepard being called up, said, (alluding to the Brooks and Sumner affair) so long as licentiousness—not liberty—of speech, was tolerated by the presiding officers of the Senate, just so long would the offending parties get their reward—and ought to get. In regard to Mr. Burlingame, he was then skulking about in Pennsylvania and Jersey, endeavoring to excite prejudice against the South and her institutions, in the vain hope that the definition of fifteen slave States, would relieve him of the stigma attached to his character, as a traitor in affairs of honor, if not a pusillanimous braggart, in the eyes of every gentleman. In his hostility to certain individuals, he has endeavored to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Pennsylvania against all southern persons, without regard to age, sex or condition; and thus exemplifying the vengeance of a Round-head, from whom he boasts his descent. I can only smile at the shallow Yankee, who, in the name of Pennsylvania, says to Mr. B., if you, in defense of Mr. Sumner and the honor of Massachusetts, have thought proper to pass by the ground on which Barron and Decatur, Clay and Randolph, and Graves and Cilley fought, and have reaped contempt and ridicule by your flight, that is your own affair, the people of Pennsylvania have no participation in the matter.

I did not accept (said Mr. S.) the invitation to address a Northern audience, to soften opposition to South by preaching Republicanism, for I entertain an unmitigated contempt for that party and its objects. Nor could I seek to enlist the sympathy of the gallant old Whig party, so honorably and gracefully slumbering in its grave; nor even the co-operation of the Democracy in behalf of the section in which I reside. I merely invoke all good men to stand by the Constitution, as it has been handed down by our illustrious negro drivers, Washington, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Adams, and to exert their energies in this moment of peril for the purpose of elevating the honored son of the old Keystone State, James Buchanan, to the Presidency.

In concluding his remarks, Mr. S. said, that whenever Massachusetts gets into a fracas of her own creation, whenever her Senators degrade the legislative halls, or the Abolitionists of Boston steal a negro, and obstruct the mails, she is sure to find her hands and feet cut out by Bunker Hill. I respectfully submit that Bunker Hill affords no palliation for the failings of Massachusetts' representatives. Bunker Hill was a skirmish, and a defeat, and as a military fact gave the colonies no prestige; the British assaulting its defenders ensconced behind their breast-works, and defeating them. The battles at New Jersey, at Saratoga, at Germantown, Yorktown, King's mountain, at Bladensburg, the fact of American prowess, and I would remind Mr. Burlingame that in the most important of these battles, there were no round headed puritans in the ranks. But when Massachusetts was overrun, and her capital in the hands of the enemy, thousands of the descendants of the cavaliers, led by Washington, hurried to their rescue. In the last war Hurled his army. He was a round-head Puritan—a native of New England. The country's honor was retrieved at New Orleans by the descendants of the cavaliers (there not being a Yankee in the crowd), who bore aloft the stars and stripes. And it is to the devoted bodies of similar men that such heroes as the Burlingames and Sumners, intend, as they say, to place their Cromwellian heels!

Who were the opponents of the descendants of the "cavalier at New Orleans." Not a vulgar horde of nasal tongued, psalm-singing puritans from Yankee land, with "home made rifles in their hands," and pitch pipes in their pockets; but the veteran troops of gallant old England, were the unfortunate men on that day, who, after the peace, generously acknowledged the ability of Jackson, and the steady good conduct of his Southern army; and yet it has been reserved for the hatred, jealousy and low fanaticism of New England to sneer before a Philadelphia audience, at the ability of Southern men to defend their Constitutional rights. How was it in Mexico? We confidently rely on our own men for an answer.—Taylor, Scott, Smith, Quitman, Ringgold, Ridgely, Davis, Harding, McClung, Bragg, Bryan, Martin, Burgwyn and a host of others—rather than trust some future Peter Parley to tell our children that South Carolinians, Mississippians and Tennesseans ran away from the battle fields of Buena Vista and Chancellorsville, while the stars and stripes were sustained gloriously by the round heads of Massachusetts and their descendants and the descendants of New York.

We very well know that there are good men and true in New England. The Dexters, the Choates, and others, but they are crushed by the demoniac fanaticism of their clergy.

Words of Truth and Wisdom.

We make the following extracts from a letter recently written to some friends in New Orleans, by the Hon. John S. Sill, United States Senator from Louisiana. Mr. Sill is one of the ablest and most eminent statesmen of the country, and what he says is of no small weight.

"It is now universally conceded that the presidential contest is purely one between the Democratic and abolition candidates. The recent elections in North-Carolina, Kentucky, and Missouri, have demonstrated that Mr. Fillmore cannot possibly carry a solitary slave State. Maryland and Delaware are no longer doubtful. The noble stand taken by two of the most decided Whigs in the Union, Senators Pratt and Pierce, by Reverdy Johnson and a host of other Whig leaders, insures the vote of Maryland. In Delaware the adhesion of Senator Clayton, the acknowledged chief of the American party of that State, renders our success certain. In a majority of the States where slavery does not exist there will be no Fillmore electoral ticket, and where one has been nominated it is not pretended, even by his most sanguine adherents, that it has the remotest chance of success, except in New York. They hope that the vote of that State, if neither Buchanan nor Fremont have the majority of the whole, the Missouri electoral votes, may perhaps present him to the House of Representatives. I have conversed with many intelligent gentlemen of all parties from New York, and I have not yet met with one who considers the election of the Fillmore ticket there as anything more than a bare possibility. But admitting its success, and that neither Buchanan nor Fremont have an absolute majority of all the electoral votes, can any sane man pretend that either of the two great contending parties will abandon their candidate to be a sacrifice to the whims of the Missouri compromise? I would be a constant agitator, but a single State? Concede, however, that such be the case—suppose him to be chosen President—and what will then be our position? I have no disposition to impugn in the slightest degree the patriotism of Millard Fillmore. I believe that if he should be chosen President he would enter upon his high duties with a sincere desire to administer the government in conformity with the principles of the constitution; but he and all his most intimate friends and counselors, would be the representatives of the Missouri compromise, not only as untrue and imprudent, but violative of a solemn and binding compact. 'It is,' to use his own language in a recent speech at Rochester, 'the Pandora's box from which have issued all the political evils that now afflict the country, leaving scarcely a hope behind.' This being his opinion, it would be his duty to aid in restoring it, and more emphatically so not to veto a bill containing such a provision. The South is unanimously opposed to its re-establishment. If restored, it would be a constant source of agitation, and a presidential term; and if restored, would inevitably lead to a dissolution of the Union. I repeat that I believe Mr. Fillmore to be an honest man and a lover of the Union; but his present position, and all his antecedents, show that the South cannot rely upon him unreservedly for the preservation of their constitutional rights. He was of mature age when elected a member of the House of Representatives. During his entire service there, of six or eight years, he was invariably voted against the South, and with northern abolitionists, on every question. The limits of this letter will not permit me to quote the journals for the proof of this assertion, but I refer you to a pamphlet lately published entitled 'The Agitation of Slavery—Who Commenced and who can End it; Buchanan and Fillmore Compared from the Record,' in which the whole record of Buchanan and Fillmore on the slavery question is given, from which it conclusively appears that the former has always been the constant and steady supporter of our constitutional rights, while the latter was for many years one of our most uncompromising and bitter enemies. I merely mention these things to show that Buchanan, as compared with Fillmore, would be the safer President for the South, and were they the only candidates would be entitled to its unanimous vote. But that is not the issue; it lies entirely between Buchanan and Fremont.—Every vote cast for Fillmore—do not mean in the electoral colleges, but before the people—impairs our moral strength. We should prepare ourselves for a result. No one can value more the blessings of the Union; but it must be Union under the constitution—the Union of States, equally sovereign, with equal participation in every right and privilege. It is but within the last two years that I have permitted myself to think of the possibility of its dissolution; and, until the nomination of Fremont, I have looked at it but in the distant future. Now it presents itself as a long and perilous struggle, which will not pretend to stop, but we must decide ourself to decide, in all its dread reality, in a few short months. Should Fremont be elected, I shall be satisfied that a majority of the people of the free States entertain towards us feelings that render the idea of living with them on terms of equality hopeless.—The issues presented by his nomination, the antecedents of those who brought him forward, the opinions and purposes avowed by every speaker at every meeting of his party, are the infamy and odium of acceding office under him. The whole machinery of government in the southern States must be stopped, unless northern men can be found bold enough to come among us and undertake the collection of a revenue, and the execution of the laws of a government from which we shall be practically excluded. Each aggression on our rights, if submitted to, will lead to new and more aggravated attacks, and we shall, in a protracted struggle, be obliged to choose between the alternatives of unequalled servitude or separation. But in such a struggle, not only will the proud spirit that now animates us have been impaired, but we will have lost allies that an earlier open resistance would have rallied to our support. I do not hesitate to declare that if Fremont be elected, the Union cannot and ought not to be preserved. What particular course should be pursued I am not now prepared to say. In so fearful a contingency, I should be unwilling to see any outsome definite manifestation of the will of my State. This can only be given through the legislature, or, if time allowed, by a convention of the people, called by the legislature. Whatever be the mandate of Louisiana, I shall be prepared to carry it out in letter and in spirit."

BLACK REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.—The Centreville (Mich.) Chronicle "learns that a Reverend gentleman by the name of Covey, who resided in Coldwater, and who divided his parochial services between Coldwater and Constantine, and who interlarded his prayers and sermons with many touching and pathetic appeals for Fremont and bleeding Kansas, recently took French leave of his parishioners and political friends and supporters, with a batch of officers at his heels with warrants for his arrest on a charge of perjury.

In Ozenova, N. Y., as we learn from a paper published in the locality, a clergyman, last winter, made dishonorable proposals to a widow woman of forty-five. His overtures were rejected, and immediately repeated. The woman told his presence, and he followed, and by means of chloroform, reduced her to helplessness, and—miserable her. His victim soon made known her wrong, which disgusted her peace until she became insane and died. The accused party is absent; the victim is in her grave. The clergyman, of course, is a black republican brawler.

Ministers who outrage religion by preaching the gospel of Fremont instead of the gospel of Christ are capable of perpetrating any outrage upon morality—any crime in the calendar.

Detroit Free Press, Dem.

As a matter of justice to Mr. Dorch, we publish the following account from him of the difficulty between himself and Mr. Robinson:

ROBINSON vs. STANDARD: Notice having been taken in the papers of a difficulty between Wm. Robinson, Editor of the Tribune, and myself, calculated to place me in a wrong position before the public, you will do me the kindness to publish this statement of facts.

In the month of June last, Mr. Robinson maliciously attacked me, personally, in his paper, and endorsed a charge against me of incompetency for the post of Director of the N. C. Railroad, and stated that Gov. Briggs should have removed me. This the Governor did not do; but shortly thereafter re-appointed me. The Editor of the Sentinel replied to and effectively repelled his charges. Mr. Robinson then published consecutively, several other articles reflecting on me, of which I took no notice, until I became a candidate for the Legislature, when I spoke of his attacks before the people of Wayne, and defended myself against them. During the canvass he made no other public communication, but the election was over, he again commenced his attacks, grossly and maliciously reflecting on my private and public character, and published a private letter written by me to him in 1850. I was advised by my friends not to notice his articles, and determined not to do so. A friend, however, published an anonymous communication in the Sentinel, censuring his malignant attacks, and his publication of the private letter.

In the next issue of his paper, of the 28th day of August, Mr. Robinson, with a view of me, falsely charged me with being the author, or one of the authors, of the communication to the Sentinel, taking occasion to pronounce me a "liar," "miscreant," "ass," "infamous man," "regardless of veracity or honor," "malignant creature," guilty of "unblushing, unmitigated falsehood," "meanness and villainy," "skulking about in the dark," and saying, "hereafter let him hope for no quarters," and "let him slide for the present," and making use of many other libelous and slanderous epithets and charges, grossly assailing my character as an honorable man.

I consider it the highest duty of every individual, and more especially of every husband and father, to defend his character against such malicious, false, and slanderous publications.

Mr. Robinson, it is well known, does not hold himself responsible, according to the code of honor, for what he may say or publish.

When I read the above article, I felt greatly provoked at his unbecoming attempt to persecute me, and determined that I would not tolerate his conduct longer, and would cane him. I had no purpose then of shooting him, but was afterwards informed that he was armed with a revolver for me. On Saturday afternoon I walked down to Mrs. Griswold's hotel, and being in company with several persons, one of whom had a gun, (having just returned from hunting squirrels,) I inquired with what kind of shot it was charged, and was informed it was with snuff shot. I had not seen Mr. Robinson since his libelous attack, and at the moment determined, as he was armed for me, so that I could not get near enough to cane him without being likely to be killed, that I would shoot him, with the view of chastizing, and not killing him, and took the gun from the hands of the owner, without telling him my object. Very soon Mr. Robinson crossed the street, but I could not shoot him without the risk of hitting persons beyond him, until too near to shoot without endangering his life or maiming him. In a short time, and being about twenty-five yards off, with his left side towards me, and immediately firing, lodging the contents of the gun in his left leg, thigh, butt, and arm, several shot taking effect in his back obliquely.

The affair occurred in view of a number of persons, in the most public part of the town.

Papers which have noticed the difficulty, will, in justice to me, give this an insertion.

WM. T. DORTCH.
Goldsboro', Sept. 12th, 1856.

The fact to which we refer is this, that in all of these States, Iowa, Vermont and Maine, the Democrats, the friends of Mr. Buchanan have raised the banner of opposition to black Republicanism. They have run candidates, and in Vermont and Iowa, they have fallen badly manfully for their principles. Where were the Fillmore men—the "National Americans" of Iowa and of Vermont, where are the Fillmore men of Maine in this struggle?—No where! Either the Fillmore party was unable to run a ticket in a single one of these States or it was unwilling. Either it could not or it would not, and yet the South is asked to vote for a candidate that so far has shown himself without any party at all. The Democrats have been beaten in Vermont, where they have always been beaten, and they have also been beaten in Iowa, and the Fillmoreites have not been beaten, either because there were none of them to beat,—not enough to get up a ticket—or because they were merged in the anti-Democratic coalition. We ask the people of the South to mark these facts.

Wilmington Journal.

A WORD TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.—We were shown a letter on yesterday from Philadelphia correspondent of a house in this place, a part of which surprised us very much. It is this: The house here had ordered materials to be purchased for them by their agent, from a house with whom they had been trading; which was executed, as supposed, upon the usual terms, 4 or 6 months. On the next day, to the surprise of the agent, he received a message stating that the head of the firm had concluded that he was not desirous to receive any Southern paper owing to the political difficulties between the North and the South, but would sell for cash. "The agent very properly returned in reply, that 'if these were his feelings he would not buy from him on any terms whatever.' We also understood that another merchant who had purchased from another firm in Philadelphia goods of his line, on going to New York and seeing a card from the firm intimating their feelings to the above, he immediately sat down and wrote them word that they need not pack his goods for he would not receive them. The houses referred to above are D. Scull & Son and Morris L. Hollowell. Now, our opinion has always been, that if our merchants had declined purchasing their goods at Philadelphia and New York and stopt at Baltimore, abolitionism would have been nipped in the bud. Affect a man's interest and you will soon bring him to terms.

Charlotte Whig.

W. N. C. RAILROAD.—The Stockholders of the W. N. C. Railroad, met in the town of Statesville on the 2nd August. The following gentlemen were elected Directors: R. C. Pearson, of Burke; Wm. Murphy, of Rowan; Otho Gillespie, of Iredell; M. L. McKelvie, of Catawba; E. J. Erwin, of Burke.—At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, R. C. Pearson was elected President, and R. F. Simonton, Treasurer of the company. The prospects of the road are very encouraging.

The Road from this place to the Catawba river is under contract, and the contractors are pushing ahead with commendable activity.

After the payment of \$88,000 by the stockholders, the State's interest will then be represented Twenty thousand has been paid in. The Secretary has ordered a payment of 20 per cent, by the 2d of October. Mr. Pearson is performing the duties of his office with credit to himself and with satisfaction to the stockholders.

Push on the work!

Sal. Banner.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.—Intelligent travellers state that the population of Africa is about fifty millions, of whom forty-three millions are slaves. Their slavery is of the most degrading and horrid kind. The masters are cruel and barbarous in the extreme, and, in most instances, have the power of life and death over the slaves. Upon the death of a chief, some two or three hundred of his slaves are put to death and buried in the same grave with him. The negro king of Dahomy has his court yard paved with the skulls of slaves, and graced with pyramids of the same material.

What a contrast this to the condition of the same race in the South, where they are better clothed, fed and lodged, than the white laborers of any other country, and where they enjoy all the humanizing and elevating influences of civilization and Christianity! Yet it is over this superior condition that such a howl of indignation is raised by men who, if they had their way, would reduce the whole South to the condition of Dahomy.

The Standard.

RALEIGH, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1856.

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN TICKET!

FOR PRESIDENT:

JAMES BUCHANAN,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,

OF KENTUCKY.

ELECTORS

FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

For the State at Large:

HENRY M. SHAW, of CURRITUCK,
SAMUEL P. HILL, of CASWELL.

Districts:

1st District, WM. M. MARTIN, of Pasquotank,
2nd, " W. J. BLOW, of Pitt.

3rd, " M. B. SMITH, of New Hanover,
4th, " GASTON H. WILDER, of Wake,

5th, " S. E. WILLIAMS, of Alamance,
6th, " THOS. SETTLE, Jr., of Rock'h'm.

7th, " R. P. WARING, of Mecklenburg;
8th, " W. W. AVERY, of Burke.

Special Notice.

The Standard is conducted strictly upon the cash system. All papers are discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they have been paid. Subscribers will not be notified, FOUR WEEKS before their time is out, by a CROSS MARK on their papers; and unless the subscription is renewed the paper will be discontinued. This is a rule from which there will be no departure. Watch for the cross mark, and renew your subscription.

Weekly Standard \$3 per annum, in advance.
Semi-Weekly Standard \$4 per annum, do.

Subscribers desiring their papers changed must mention the Post Office from, as well as the one to, which they desire the change to be made.

Mr. Buchanan Thirty Years Ago.

Many of the Know Nothing papers of the South are making garbled extracts from a speech delivered by Mr. Buchanan in the House of Representatives, in 1826, to show that he was opposed to slavery, and regarded it as an evil. That speech was delivered on the 11th day of April, 1826, on the Panama question. We have it before us now, in Gales and Seaton's Register of Debates, vol. 2, page 2,168.

These papers quote just enough of this speech to accomplish their unjust purposes, and suppress the balance. They suppress all that part of it relating to Cuba, and all that he says in favor of the slaveholders of the South. If the reader, for example, will look under the Editorial head of the Raleigh Signal, he will find the following:

"Permit me here, Mr. Chairman, for a moment to speak upon a subject, to which I have never before adverted upon this floor, and to which, I trust, I may never again have occasion to advert. I mean the subject of Slavery. I BELIEVE IT TO BE A GREAT POLITICAL, AND A GREAT MORAL EVIL. I THANK GOD MY LOT HAS BEEN CAST IN A SOUTH WHERE IT DOES NOT EXIST. * * * IT HAS BEEN A CURSE RE- TAILED UPON US BY THAT NATION WHICH MAKES IT A SUBJECT OF REPROACH TO OUR INSTITUTIONS."—Gales and Seaton's Register of Debates, page 2,168, vol. 2, part 2.

Now, let us see all that Mr. Buchanan said on that occasion in relation to Cuba and about domestic slavery. In that speech Mr. Buchanan said:

"Important as this island (Cuba) may be to us as a commercial, it is still more important in a political view. From its position, it commands the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, and Florida. The report of our Committee on Foreign Relations truly says, 'that the island may be regarded as a fortress at the mouth of the Mississippi.' Any power in possession of this island, even in small numbers, could hermetically seal the mouth of the Mississippi. Thus, the vast agricultural productions of that valley, which is drained by the father of rivers, might be deprived of the channels by which they are sent to the sea. A large portion of the people of the State, one of whose Representatives I am, find their way to market by the Mississippi. For this reason I feel particularly interested in this part of the subject. The great line of self-protection, and of equally strong interest to individuals and nations, commands us, if we cannot obtain possession of this island ourselves, not to suffer it to pass from Spain, under whose dominion it will be for many years, into the hands of France, who are now protesting against its invasion by Mexico and Columbia.

There is still another view of the subject in relation to this island, which demands particular attention. Let us for a moment look at the spectacle which it will probably present, in case Mexico and Columbia should attempt to re-occupy it. Have they not always marched under the standard of universal emancipation? Have they not always been conquered by proclaiming liberty to the slaves? In the present condition of the island, what will be the probable consequence? A servile war, which, in every age, has been the most barbarous and cruel of all wars, and which, if not checked, would be a great calamity to the world. The dreadful scenes of St. Domingo would again be presented to our view, and would again be acted out in the vicinity of the Southern States, whose exposure would be dangerous to their tranquility and peace.

Permit me here, Mr. Chairman, for a moment, to speak upon a subject, to which I have never before adverted upon this floor, and to which, I trust, I may never again have occasion to advert. I mean the subject of slavery. I believe it to be a great political, and a great moral evil. I thank God my lot has been cast in a State where it does not exist. But while I entertain these opinions, I know it is an evil at present WITHIN OUR REACH. It has been a curse en-tailed upon us by that nation which makes it a subject of reproach to our institutions. It is, however, one of those moral evils, FROM WHICH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO ESCAPE. A STATE WHERE THE INTRODUCTION OF EVILS IS INFINITE. GREATER. There are parts of this Union in which, if you emancipate your slaves, they will become slaves. There can be no middle course, in this subject. I have good reason to believe, that the honest, but mistaken whigs of philanthropy, who have done much injury to the slaves themselves, and who, in the process generally reach the ears of the slave, and while they inspire him with false hopes of liberty, and thus make him disobedient, and discontented with his condition, they compel the master to use more severity, than would otherwise have been necessary."

[See Gales and Seaton's Register of Debates, vol. 2, 1826, pages 2,179 and 2,180.]

Here, then, we find Mr. Buchanan thirty years ago taking strong ground for Cuba, and announcing his willingness to buckle on his knapsack, if necessary, and march to the defence of the South against the abolitionists. He is the same man now that he was then. It deserves to be noted that he occupied in the Ostend Conference the same position in relation to Cuba, which he announced in this speech in 1826.

For thirty years he has been the steady, unflinching, and fearless friend of the South. All his speeches, and all his votes, both in the House and Senate, prove this to be so. Indeed, while a member of the Senate he stood by Mr. Calhoun on every question affecting Southern rights; and so just and consistent was he in this respect, that Mr. Calhoun more than once spoke of it in his place in that body, and thanked him for it. Yet Mr. Buchanan is no sectional statesman. He was true to his constituents, and just to the South. Pennsylvania sustained and commended him then; and she will show, in November

next, by the great majority she will cast for him, that she is still unchanged, as he is, on the question of the rights of her sister slaveholding States.

In confirmation of the foregoing—if, indeed, any confirmation be necessary—we take the liberty of making the following extract from a letter of Mr. Buchanan to the Editor of this paper, dated Washington City, January 5th, 1848. Then, as now, a certain class of Southern politicians were charging that Mr. Buchanan was unsound on this vital question; and then, as now, it was our duty and our pleasure to defend him against this unjust charge. In that letter Mr. Buchanan said:

"Soon after I took my seat in the Senate, about thirteen years

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